I listen
With the ears
Of my soul
To the divine music
Without and within
My soul.

Above all
I listen
To the divine emptiness.

In the emptying of self,
My soul
Is made resplendent
With His light.

The eye of my soul,
Once so conditioned
To seek beauty,
Here, there, and everywhere,
Sees potentially
Everything as the beauty
Of the sacred.

Thus,
As my soul approaches
The arbor of eternity,
Every beat of my heart
And every gasping breath
Affirms that

Prayer is God:

I pray
To God
And then
God prays
In my soul,
Unceasingly
In a mystical transfiguration
Of being.

As the ship of my soul
Nears the harbor of eternity,

All the straws that littered the way,
Are Ignited with the flame of prayer.

Amidst the holocaust of ashes:
Christ alone kneels
In my soul:
Clothed in a garment
Of light.

He
Who seeks
His peace
Must enter
Through
The "narrow gate".
The "gate" of suffering.
The "gate" of love:
The soul "knee-bent"
In prayer.

Thank you for sharing with me, in the passing moments of a life, the "magnificat" beauty of your soul.

Joyce

A note on "acceptance":

"Acceptance" of cell phone mania among attendees at a performance is a dumbing down to a level of abyssmal mediocrity. However, to expect a modicum of sanity and even a vestige of intelligent self-restraint at the type of concert you attended, is circumventing the issue.
In a cultural milieu (i.e. the Met, Alice Tully Hall, et al), technological intrusiveness on the part of the audience is not acceptable behavior and is disciplined as such.
The determinant is the "mentality" of the audience in the context of a performance. Those who gravitate toward Elvis impersonations inhabit a culture of impoverishment—spiritually, intellectually and aesthetically.
The aspiration of your soul, Harry, stretches towards a transcendent beauty that is eclipsed, even annihilated, in the context described.
Acceptance is capitulation and, inevitably, leads to accommodation.
Accommodation is the death knell of the soul.

To Eleanor:
An Island of Light
Shining in a Sea of Darkness

Descending from the heights
To the shores of your soul,
Swept by the vast tides of eternity.
Love takes root in your soul
Like the heart of a flower.

A soul is but a tiny drop
Of luminosity itself,
But out the deepmost deeps,
His mysterious beauty shines.

The light in the lantern of your soul
Is a but a beam of His eternal light.
In this fathomless abyss of Divine resplendence
All tears flow into the wild waves of the sea,
An imprimatur of God's eternal image
Embraced in His Divine Scroll of Love.

Thank you for being for me His lantern of Hope, of Love, of Faith and Trust in His Divine Providence. In the darkness, you have revealed to me His presence of light when my tears flowed into the "wild waves of the sea".

Wishing you a birthday filled with His Light and Love,

Your friend in Christ,

Joyce

"For while gentle silence
Enveloped all things,
And night
In its swift course
Was now half gone,
Thy all-powerful word
Leaped from heaven,
From the royal throne,
Into the midst
Of the land
That was doomed,
A stern warrior
Carrying the sharp sword
Of thy authentic command,
And stood
And filled all things
With death,
And touched heaven
While standing
On the earth."

Wisdom (18: 14-17)

Pilgrim Of Silence

Joyce Ann Surman

Prisms Of Silence

Joyce Ann Surman

Hello, Harry:

As I read your words and mused on their import, my soul felt united with yours in the perfection of joy. So few souls know that perfect joy resides in realizing that the aim of human life is found, not in the temporal, but in the infinite. It is the divestiture of all that is superfluous—above all noise, both internal and external. On that mountain top, the eyes of your soul met His in a union of deep serenity and ineffable peace.

Divine Infinity

On the
Mountaintop
Of joy
And in the
Valley
of sorrow
God's radiance
Dazzles
The soul to prayer. —

Beauty's embrace--
Deep serenity --
Ineffable peace—

Christ—
The unfading reality
Of His Divine Infinity.

Thank you for the little peek into your soul to see His transfiguring grace tilling the soil of your hopes.

In His love,
Joyce

Monday, Sept. 11, 2011

The Cure

In my soul
is a gaping wound.
There my crucified Christ
Turns and twists.

I know Him
robed in red
And crowned
with my fears.

But "Stay, my soul!"
He is pierced
with vagabond Hope
Bleeding forth the
Divine eternity
of His love.

The "incurable" Wound
Is cured.

To Eleanor and Dan:

John Paul II has written
that next to every suffering soul
is a beating heart of love—Christ.

Thank you for being
my "beating heart of Love."

Joyce

An Invitation

The soul
Is the
meeting place
Of
Grace and beauty.
Enter
To His Peace.

The Eschatology of Suffering
By Joyce Surman

Your question, "Why do believers suffer?" speaks to the heart of the meaning of man's earthly pilgrimage and the mystery of his mortality.

This question has both universal significance, as well as individual application.

Of universal significance one affirms the following proposition:

Suffering is the absolute of human existence; it is the sine qua non of human destiny.

A universal equation governs the balance of all earthly endeavors. Wherever suffering is present, love is made manifest and manifold.
One posits the unthinkable, but nevertheless not less valid, that if suffering did not exist, there would be an eclipse of love. In this universal context, suffering is the womb of love; it is the gestation of mercy. Christ is the paradigmatic beauty and truth of this reality.

As to the individual application, the presence of suffering possesses a certain phenomenon of impenetrability. Its meaning is hidden in the mystery of Christ's divinity.

Adams' lament (acknowledgement of sin) echoes down the centuries culminating in the redemptive suffering and crucifixion of Christ.

Jeremiah's lamentations pierced by the cognition of the "incurable wound" is the primordial anguish of the human soul thirsting for the redemptive graces of the crucifixion.

When the question, "Why do believers suffer?', is set within the context of the above universal and particular speculations, the availability of clarification is made accessible.

The dictate and admonition of Christ resides in the "Follow me!" exhortation, as well as the "Take up your cross" solicitation.

If one affirms the veracity of the "Follow me!" exhortation, one must then ask, "Where to?" The "Where to" is the way of the cross; it is to Golgotha and crucifixion. Through the kenotic self-emptying of the crucifixion, the soul then exalts in the jubilation of the resurrection.

Therefore, a special prerogative of the "believer", the gift of his apostolate, is to follow after Christ in the providential designs established in the mystery of salvific grace.

Thus, to "believe" does not exclude one from the arena of suffering. On the contrary, one suffers to bear authentic witness to the truths of our salvation as mirrored in Christ's passion and resurrection.

Woe to the non-believer when suffering is embroidered on the garment of his reality. The needle of Divine Providence will unequivocally sew a pattern of sorrow now or in the future. One needs patience—suffering will be etched on the face of all, now or then. Some go to Calvary once; some many times in the span of a lifetime.

In reference to Linda's comment that she has never had anyone in her life that approximates the bond that unites our souls, one proposes that she has but did not have "eyes to see or ears to hear." The anguish of that revelation is mitigated when the reality of Christ becomes a transcendent palpability, a personal all-encompassing reality. The bond that unites the soul of a man with Christ is inimitable. It is the one bond that is omnipresent and eternal.

Needless to say, in light of the above commentary, your query about the proximate relationship between believers and suffering provoked nocturnal ruminations.

Suffering and the providential designs of God have been center stage in the theater of my mental compass. Total abandonment to the will of God, amidst afflictions as well as joys, accepted with humility and thanksgiving, is the mystery of Christ's peace—that peace which the world cannot give, the "food" of His will. Let us feast at the banquet of His will and know the sanctifying grace of His Eucharistic presence.

Thank you for blessing my moments with the gift of your sentiments. I am humbled.

Now to try to get up from this chair… I think of Christ's "Rise, let us go!' His hand is outstretched—uniting the now with eternity.

Love,
Joyce

+

To Dennis:

"The Holocaust of Suffering"

In the
holocaust
Of your
suffering
You
ignite my soul
With
the living flame
Of Christ's love.

Transfiguring
The
cosmos of suffering
Into the
Mystical equation
Of God's providential design.

I beseech God
To increase my suffering
So that
Your suffering
Will be less so.

Your presence
Gives wings to my soul
To soar aloft,
Like a feather on the breath of God,

And find rest in Eternal Hope.

I embrace you in prayer.

Joyce

To Dennis, Son, and family:
Living Icons of the Sacred Heart of Christ,
Christmas Blessings!

Divine Humility

Everything
Sings
The song
Of
Divine Humility:

None
more so
Than The
Melody
Of
The
Suffering soul
Pierced
To
The
Pinnacle of pain.

I wish to express my heartfelt gratitude for your selfless acts as companions on my pilgrimage to the "pinnacle" of His will.

May my prayers lessen the "melody" of your pain.

Love,

Joyce

To Dennis:

Epiphany Presence

The star
shining
in your soul
radiates
the light and love
of Christ's beauty.

My soul
has felt
the warmth
of its radiance
and known
the joy
of His presence.

As your soul
journeys now
in the valleys
of new trials,
may the
star of Christ
lead you to
ascend new heights.

It is in
surrendering
to His will,
that the star
transfigures into
a luminous beacon
of His gifts

of faith and hope.

In the days ahead,
the "stars"
of my rosary prayers
will companion you
on your way
to the grace
of renewal.

"Be not afraid!"
(St. John Paul II)

"Jesus, I trust in you!"
(St. Faustina)

In the radiance of Christ's Love,

Joyce

To
Father Kaz,
A Pillar of Light:

"They
Are
Pillars of Light
Along
God's
Ways:
They
Live
In
Light
Themselves
And
Shed
Light
Upon
Others."

(Diary of St. Faustina,
Book II, 838)

Thank you for shining Christ's light
Into the depths of my soul--
Strengthening my faltering steps.
In its ascent to Eternal Love.

Tenderly in His love and mercy,

Joyce Surman

To Yassir:
A Pillar of Light

"They
Are
Pillars of Light
Along
God's
Ways:
They
Live
In
Light
Themselves
And
Shed light
Upon
others."

(Diary,
Book II
838)

Thank you
for shining
the light
of your soul
along
the darkness
of my
path.

Thank you for the excellence of your competency and the grace of your compassionate kindness.

Tender Easter blessings!

Joyce Surman

To
Father Jack,
A Pillar of Light:

"They
Are
Pillars of Light
Along
God's
Ways:
They
Live
In
Light
Themselves
And
Shed
Light
Upon
Others."

(Diary of St. Faustina,
Book II, 838)

Thank you for shining Christ's light
Into the depths of my soul--
Strengthening my faltering steps.
In its ascent to Eternal Love.

Tenderly in His love and mercy,

Joyce Surman

The mystical axis
(transformation into flame)

The
Cross is
The
mystical
Axis
Of
The
Soul:
It
Transforms
Suffering
Into
Joy—
Into
Flame:
One
Flame
Of
Light
And
Love.

The moment my soul came to know this,
Suffering ceased to be suffering
And was transformed into
My joy.

Joyce

Mystical Axis

The
Cross
Is
The
Mystical
Axis
Of
Eternity.

Joyce Surman

To: dennis stack
Subject: Light in the Darkness

Dennis,

Let us keep
the eyes of our soul
fixed steadfastly
on the
"light that shines in the darkness"—
Christ dwelling in the depths of our soul.

In the midst of storms,
this gaze
gives us
strength and courage
to continue the journey
until the longed for moment
when, at last,
we rest in Him
for all
eternity!

Christmas blessings!

Joyce

O My Soul...

Soliloquies

Joyce Ann Surman

Soliloquies

Based on

The Diary Of St. Faustina

In profound gratitude
to
Father Kazimierz Chwalek, MIC:
A soul
Of
"Distinct beauty"

JESUS I TRUST IN YOU

St. Faustina,
Pray
For us!

In Gethsemane

When the soul is in the shadows of Gethsemane,
All alone in the bitterness of pain,
It ascends towards the heights of Jesus,
And though ever drinking bitterness—it is not sad.

When the soul does the will of the Most High God,
Even amidst constant pain and torments,
Having pressed its lips to the chalice proferred,
It becomes mighty, and nothing will daunt it.

Though tortured it repeats: Your will be done.
Patiently awaiting the moment of transfiguration,
For, though in deepest darkness, it hears the voice of
Jesus: You are mine.
And this it will know fully when the veil falls.
(Faustina, Diary-995)

Nailed to the Cross

Although it is not easy to live in constant agony,
To be nailed to the cross of various pains,
Still, I am inflamed with love by loving,
And, like a Seraph I love God, though I am but
Weakness.

Oh, great is the soul, midst suffering,
Stands faithfully by God and does His will
And remains uncomforted midst rainbows
And storms,
For God's pure love sweetens her fate.

It is no great thing to love God in prosperity
And thank Him when all goes well,
But rather to adore Him midst great adversities
And love Him for His own sake and place one's hope in
Him.
(Faustina, Diary-995)

Eye of the Heart

O
My
Soul,
Open
The
Eye
Of
Your
Heart
To
See
The
LIGHT OF CHRIST
Everywhere.

Distinct Beauty

O
My
Soul,
In
Living
The
Passion
Of
Christ,
You
Acquire
A
Distinct
Beauty.

The Cup of His Will

O
My
Soul,
Put
Your
Lips
To
The
Cup
Of
His
Holy
Will
And
Taste
Its
Sweetness.

Unfathomable Abyss

O
My
Soul,
In
You
Is
An
Unfathomable
Abyss,
Which
Only
God
Can
Fill.

My Food

O
My
Soul,
The
Will
Of
God
Is
Your
Food.

The One Treasure

O
My
Soul,
Christ
Is
Your
Only
Treasure.

The Secret Depths

O
My
Soul,
In
Your
Secret
Depths,
I
Am.

The Light Within

O
My
Soul,
Christ
Is
The
Light
Shining
Within
You
And
In
All
Things.

The Rudder

O
My
Soul,
Christ
Is
The
Rudder
Of
Your
Soul.

The Silence of the Night

O
My
Soul,
In
The
Solemn
Silence
Of
The
Night,
Christ
Suffers
With
You.

The Soul's Food

O
My
Soul,
His
Will
Is
Your
Nourishment.

Emptiness

O
My
Soul,
The
Deepest
Joy
Is
Found
In
Emptiness.

The Sweetest Drink

O
My
Soul,
The
Sweetest
Drink
Is
The
Most
Bitter.

The Gift

O
My
Soul,
The
Greatest
Gift
Is
Suffering—
It
Alone
Opens
The
Eyes
Of
The
Soul
To
Truth.

The Flames of Suffering

O
My
Soul,
The
Flames
Of
Suffering
Are
Your
Sanctification.

Submission

O
My
Soul,
In
All
Things,
Submit
To
His
Holy
Will.

Mysterious Ways

O
My
Soul,
All
His
Ways
Are
Mysterious:
Darkness
Leads
To
Light
Eternal.

A Distinct Beauty

O
My
Soul,
A
Soul,
Meditating
On
His
Passion,
Is
Adorned
With
A
Distinct
Beauty.

Christ Suffices All

O
My
Soul,
Christ
Suffices
For
Everything
On
This
Earth.

Flame of Love

O
My
Soul,
Let
His
Flame
Of
Love
Be
The
Fire
Burning
In
The
Center
Of
Your
Heart.

The Light Above

O
My
Soul,
Yearn
For
The
Light
Above,
The
Fire
Of
His
Love.

Eyes Fixed

O
My
Soul,
Keep
The
Eyes
Of
Your
Soul
Fixed
On
One
Thing
Only:
My
Holy
Will.

In The Wilderness

O
My
Soul,
In
The
Wilderness
Of
My
Soul,
I
Live
Alone
With
God.

Spiritual Banquet

O
My
Soul,
Feast
At
The
Spiritual
Banquet
In
Your
Soul:
His
Holy
Will.

Freedom of Spirit

O
My
Soul,
Be
Attached
To
Nothing
In
The
Created
World
And
You
Will
Know
Freedom
Of
Spirit.

Fount of Light

O
My
Soul,
In
The
Fount
Of
His
Light,
You
Will
Find
Profound
Peace.

Depths

O
My
Soul,
In
The
Depths
Of
My
Soul,
I
See
Jesus
Stretched
Out
On
The
Cross...
And
I
With
Him
In
An
Eternal
Embrace.

Sing! Sing! Sing!

O
My
Soul,
Sing!
Sing!
Sing!
And
Loudly
Sing:
Abandonment
To
The
Will
Of
God
Is
Your
True
And
Only
Joy—
Here
And
In
Eternity.

Transformation

O
My
Soul,
Be
Transformed
Into
The
Will
Of
God
In
Every
Moment
Of
Your
Life.

Veils Of Mystery

O
My
Soul,
The
Veils
Of
Mystery
Are
Lifted:
All
Is
Your
Holy
Will.

The Gaze Eternal

O
My
Soul,
Keep
Your
Eyes
Fixed
On
The
Will
Of
God:
Stretched
Out
On
The
Wood
Of
The
Cross.

Ship of My Life

O
My
Soul,
The
Ship
Of
My
Life
Is
Coming
Into
Port:
Stretched
Out
On
The
Cross.

Nothingness/ Everythingness

O
My
Soul,
I
Am
Nothingness;
He
Is
EVERYTHINGNESS.

Dread and Terror

O
My
Soul,
Dread
And
Terror
Is
All
Around
Me:
But
His
Peace
Is
At
The
Center
Of
My
Soul
And
Calms
The
Storm
To
A Whisper.

Two Abysses

O
My
Soul,
There
Are
Two
Abysses
In
The
Human
Soul:
My
Misery
And
His
Mercy.

A Cracked Pot

O
My
Soul,
I
Am
But
A
Cracked
Pot,
May
Suffering
Make
Me
Whole.

Eternal Radiance

O
My
Soul,
Beyond
All
Adversities,
My
Eyes
See
The
Eternal
Radiance
Of
The
Dawn.

Mysterious Beauty

O
My
Soul,
In
Every
Face
Is
The
Mysterious
Beauty
Of
God.

The Infinity Bell

O
My
Soul,
The
Infinity
Bell
Is
Ringing:
HEARKEN!

Omnipotence of Grace

O
My
Soul,
The
Omnipotence
Of
His
Grace
Will
Be
Your
Refuge
In
The
Storms.

The Cup of Bitterness

O
My
Soul,
Drink
The
Cup
Of
Bitterness
Trusting
In
His
Will.

Gentle Silence

O
My
Soul,
Live
In
The
Gentle
Silence
Of
God.

Days of Exile

O
My
Soul,
Your
Days
Of
Exile
Pass
Quickly:
Endure
Suffering.

My Thirsting Heart

O
My
Soul,
My
Heart
Thirsts
For
God
Alone.

The Hidden Tabernacle

O
My
Soul,
Hide
In
The
Tabernacle
Of
His
Heart
That
Is
Within
You—
Forever.

True Emptiness

O
My
Soul,
Empty
Yourself
Of
Everything
But
The
Will
Of
God.

Into Flame

O
My
Soul,
LOOK!
SEE!
The
Living
Flame
Of
Love
Is
In
You!

Become

O
My
Soul,
Become
All
Flame!

Thorns

O
My
Soul,
As
You
Wander
Through
The
Thorns
Of
Life,
Lean
On
The
Cross
Of
Christ.

The Silence of Suffering

O
My
Soul,
I
Now
Await,
In
Silence
And
Suffering,
The
Tender
Embrace
Of
My
Christ.

Desiring Less

O
My
Soul,
Know
That
The
Soul's
Sanctification,
During
Its
Sojourn
In
This
Valley
Of
Tears,
Is
In
Desiring
Less and less
Of
The more and more,
Until
It
Reaches
Nothingness,

Total denudation,
Annihilation,
Holocaust—
Stretched
Out
On
The
Wood of the cross,
Sipping
The
Cup of His Will.

Desiring Less

O
My
Soul,
Know
That
The
Soul's
Sanctification,
During
Its
Sojourn
In
This
Valley
Of
Tears,
Is
In
Desiring
Less and less
Of
The more and more,
Until
It
Reaches
Nothingness,
Total denudation,
Annihilation,
Holocaust—
Stretched
Out
On
The
Wood of the cross,
Sipping
The
Cup of His Will.

Wounded by Love

O
My
Soul,
The
Living flame
Of
Divine Love,
Jesus Crucified,
Wounds
My
Trembling
Soul—
Piercing
Me,
Through and through,
Until
My
Soul
Becomes
All
FLAME.

All Flame

O
My
Soul,
Now
All
Is
FLAME--
Flame
Here,
Flame
There,
Flame
Everywhere.

There
He
Is
Was
And
Will be—
ETERNAL SPLENDOR OF MY CHRIST!

Providence

O
My
Soul,
Know
That
All
Things
Are
Under
God's
Providence.

Providence

O
My
Soul,
Know
That
All
Things
Are
Under
God's
Providence.

Wings to Infinity

O
My
Soul,
God
Is
Everywhere
And
Fills
All
Things—
So
Take
Wings
To
Infinity
And
Fly
Amidst
The
Stars.

The Soul's Uplifting

O
My
Soul,
The
Smallest
Impulse
O
Love
Uplifts
The
Soul
To
Infinity.

O
My
Soul,
In
The
Most
Secret
Depths
Of
Your
Being,
Live
According
To
His
Will
Alone.

One Day Closer

O
My
Soul,
Know
That
You
Are
Now
One
Day
Closer
To
Eternity.

Bitter Sweetness

O
My
Soul,
Christ
Makes
All
Bitterness
Of
This
Life
Sweet.

A Poured Chalice

O
My
Soul,
You
Are
A
Poured
Chalice
Of
Unending
Prayer.

God Rests

O
My
Soul,
In
The
Depths
Of
The
Silences
Within
You,
God
Rests.

Penetration

O
My
Soul,
The
Light
Of
Christ
Penetrates
The
Impenetrability
Of
The
Darkness.

Scorched

O
My
Soul,
The
Fire
Of
God's
Love
Scorches
Me.

Presence

O
My
Soul,
Shout
For
Joy!
The
Lord
Is
Present
Within
You!

True Joy

O
My
Soul,
Suffer
In
Submission
To
The
Will
Of
God
And
Know
True
And
Lasting
Joy.

Splendor

O
My
Soul,
Jesus Crucified,
The
Living
Flame
Of
Love,
Fills
The
Entire
Universe
With
His
Splendor.

A Poured Chalice

O
My
Soul,
You
Have
been
Transformed
Into
A
Poured
Chalice
Of
Unceasing
Prayer.

Blazing to Eternity

O
My
Soul,
God
Is
An
Eternal
Flash
Of
Flame
Blazing
Up to
Eternity.

Radiance of Beauty

O
My
Soul,
The
Radiance
Of
His
Beauty
Sustains
Me
Amidst
The
Encircling
Terror.

Scattered Beauty

O
My
Soul,
He
Scatters
Beauty
All
Around—
Even
In
A
Withered
Leaf
Falling
To
The
Ground.

Imprint

O
My
Soul,
Within
You
Is
The
Imprint
Of
His
Divinity.

Interior Lights

O
My
Soul,
He
Lives
In
The
Interior
Lights
In
A
Radiance
Of
Transcendence.

Gaze of Silence

O
My
Soul,
In
A
Gaze
Of
Silence,
He
Speaks
And
I
Listen.

Scattered Beauty

O
My
Soul,
He
Scatters
Beauty
All
Around—
Even
In
A
Withered
Leaf
Falling
To
The
Ground.

Fetters

O
My
Soul,
Now
The
Eyes
Of
My
Soul
See
That
Suffering
And
Sorrow
Are
The
Scissors
That
Cut
My
Soul
Free
From
The
Fetters
Of
This
World:
Now
My
soul
Knows
Profound
Peace
And
Profound
Silence.

A Dewdrop

O
My
Soul,
Be
As
A
Dewdrop
In
A
Flower
Blossom—
In
Solitude:
Alone
With
God
Alone

Suffering: My Eucharist

O
My
Soul,
Suffering
Has
Become
My
Eucharist:
It
Is
In
Suffering
That
My
Soul
Is
Made
One,
United
With
Christ.

Heart-Treasure

O
My
Soul,
Christ
Is
The
Treasure
In
The
Temple
Of
Your
Heart.

Mysterious Presence

O
My
Soul,
The
Sweet
Mysterious
Presence
0f
God
Is
Within
You:
Always
With
You.

Deep Silence

O
My
Soul,
God
Is
The
Deep
Silence
Within
You.

The Veil

O
My
Soul,
I
Yearn
For
The
Veil
To
Be
Lifted:
To
See
My
God
Face
To
Face.

O
My
Soul,
Find
Your
Strength
In
Prayer
And
Silence.